





**"My Friend the Prince."**

Rash Young German Boards a Royal Carriage and is Well Treated.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Thursday.

The Crown Prince of Germany has been made the hero of many imaginary adventures. The following story has the merit of truth:—

The Prince was leaving a Berlin station by a night train, when the door of his carriage was suddenly thrown open, and a young man sprang excitedly in just as the train was moving off. The Prince's escort sprang forward to protect him, but the intruder was himself the most alarmed of the party when he recognised the occupants of the carriage. He made as though he would leap out of the window to avoid the disgrace attendant on the crime of lèse-majesté.

The Crown Prince, however, intervened, and permitted the rash youth to share the royal compartment till Potsdam was reached. A telegram from Berlin had advised the station authorities there, and they had prepared a suitable reception for the perpetrator of the heinous crime.

But again the Crown Prince graciously used his influence, and the youth was let off with a trifling penalty for having entered a train in motion, plus the excess fare for travelling first class with a third-class ticket.

**DISGUISED WIVES AS DETECTIVES.**

BERLIN, Thursday.

Success has attended a little scheme mapped out by the wives of erring husbands at Neu-Hohenschonhausen, a suburb of Berlin.

Two of them determined to find out where their spouses spent the evenings, and in disguise they interviewed the landlady of a restaurant. Finding there was a room at the back of the premises where their husbands and other men played cards, they warned the police, who made a raid on the place.

The subsequent conversation between husbands and wives is not reported.

**DEATH OF THREE BISHOPS.**

The death of three Bishops is announced almost simultaneously.

The Right Rev. H. Norris Churton, Lord Bishop of Nassau, was drowned at Ragged Island (one of the smaller of the Bahama group) while attempting to board the mission yacht; the Bishop of Trinidad has died at Liverpool of overwork resulting in nervous collapse; and Reuter announces from Sydney the death of Mgr. Toreggiani, Roman Catholic Bishop of Armidale.

**DOCTOR'S BREAKDOWN.**

A doctor of medicine, George F. White, aged 29, was yesterday charged on remand at Liverpool with fully outfitting ladies' dresses with a knife or lancet while outside passengers on trams.

Overwork and illness were pleaded in extenuation, and he was discharged on his friends undertaking there should be no recurrence of such conduct.

**PRO-TIBETANS WHO PRATTLED AT WESTMINSTER.**

Mr. Lough, M.P., with his hand on his heart and a glass (of water) in front of him, presiding at the Pro-Tibetan meeting, and some of the curious Little Englanders over whom he presided.

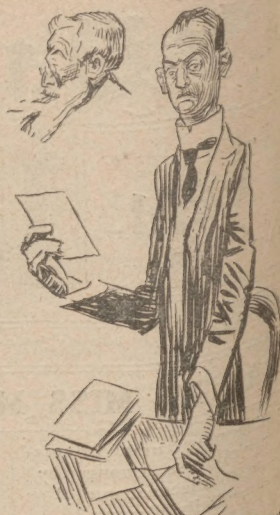
**"I ALONE HAVE ESCAPED."**

There is but one survivor of the Pittsburg mine explosion. Seventy-one of the bodies of the 184 victims have been recovered.

Besides Mr. Taylor, the engineer, another person lost his life in the heroic attempts at rescue.

**MADAME HUMBERT ILL.**

The appeal in the Cattani-Humbert case was down for hearing yesterday; but owing (says Reuter) to the illness of Mme. Humbert and the non-appearance of M. Frederic Humbert the case was adjourned for a fortnight.



"We have come here to utter a protest against the expedition into Tibet."

**DAIRY DISCLOSURES.**

That the "discomfort of the cow" has an important bearing on the butter question is one of the points dealt with in the digest of the evidence given before the Departmental Committee of the Board of Agriculture. The cow suffers from a maximum of discomfort, it appears, in Siberia, as there the caudal appendage has to work double tides throughout the year—in the summer to repel the attacks of mosquitoes, and in the winter to ward off frostbite.

There are varieties of butter beyond the wildest dreams of the casual observer of the usual three tubs, of varying saltness, decorating the shop front of the retailer.

Butter comes to England from every country, including far-away New Zealand and Argentina. It comes in powder, potted, tinned, milk-blended, preserved, and renovated. It is adulterated with starch, coconut oil, cottonseed oil, carbolic oil, fish oil, palm oil, sago flour, sesame oil, and various preservatives.

There are process butters, legal butters, genuine butters. The only interesting information omitted by the report is exactly how and where to obtain the latter.

**THE PLAY-PICTORIAL.****No. 19. "THE ORCHID." Part I.**

This popular Gaiety Play will be dealt with in TWO MAGNIFICENT NUMBERS.

Part I. published February 1st.

Part II. published June 1st.

All the old favourites in character and groups in the play.

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Miss ETHEL SYDNEY.

Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH.

Miss GERTIE MILLAR.

Mr. FRED WRIGHT.

Miss CONNIE EDISS.

Mr. LIONEL MACKINDER.

Mr. GRATTAN, Mr. NAINBY.

Miss OLIVE MAY, and others.

**No. 19. "The Orchid." Part I.**

PRICE SIXPENCE.

**No. 20. "The Cricket on the Hearth." Feb. 15.****The Play-Pictorial Almanac.**

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Containing over 50 portraits of prominent actors and actresses, and an apt quotation from a play against each day of the year.

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**POSITIVELY STOPS**

a cold, if taken in time. It is pleasant and perfectly harmless, and gives instant relief in all cases of throat and lung complaints. When you realize this you will laugh at the weather and scorn

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Bottles 1/1½ and 2/9.

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# "PURVEYOR OF LIBELS" SUES FOR LIBEL.

Mr. Crosland Loses His Action Against the "St. James's Gazette" and Receives a Judicial Wiggling.

## ANOTHER MISSING MISS.

### Inexplicable Disappearance of a Lady Creates a Sensation in Hertfordshire.

The small Hertfordshire town of Harpenden, situated midway between St. Albans and Luton, is greatly concerned over the disappearance of a young lady of good social position.

Miss Edith Masson has been living at the house of her brother, Mr. E. G. Masson, who is well known in the City in connection with a number of mining enterprises. On Monday afternoon she went for a walk, and took a letter which she had offered to post for the maid.

From the moment that she left the house all trace of her has been lost, and enquiries made everywhere by the police have failed to find a clue.

The only theory the relatives can advance is that while taking a long walk in the district Miss Masson has been overtaken with illness, and that she is now lying in some wayside cottage.

At the time of leaving home she had no money, and this disposes of the notion that she has taken a long journey. It is known that she did not leave Harpenden by train. The idea that Miss Masson has met her death by drowning is discounted by the fact that there are no streams in the neighbourhood, and the few shallow ponds were all covered with ice on Monday.

Miss Masson lived on the best of terms with her relatives, and had no reason for unhappiness.

The description circulated states that the missing lady is thirty-five years of age (though she does not look much more than twenty-five), her height is 5ft. 3in., and she has brown hair, blue eyes, and a fresh complexion. She is wearing mourning—a black hat, skirt, and coat—for her father.

## STOP WATCH LOSES CASTE.

### The Motorist Triumphs Over His Captors.

Superintendent Wm. Jno. Marks, of the Surrey County Constabulary, possesses a stop-watch in which he has taken much pride. It has done yeoman service in bringing to book motorists who have traversed the Surrey roads.

Alas! the watch no longer retains its prestige. Mr. Harry Liddell, of Lynwood, Addison-crescent, Kensington, a member of the Automobile Club, was summoned before the Kingston-on-Thames Bench at the instance of Superintendent Marks for driving his motor-car at Cottenham on Sunday, January 17, at a greater speed than twenty miles an hour. The Motor Union, desiring to show the ineffectiveness of police stop-watches, were specially represented by Mr. Staples Firth.

The superintendent said that he timed the car over a measured distance of a quarter of a mile at the bottom of Tartan Hill on the Portsmouth road. The result of his calculation was that Mr. Liddell covered the distance in 39.25 seconds, or at the rate of twenty-four miles an hour.

### The Watch's Antecedents.

Mr. Firth, in cross-examination, asked the superintendent, "As to this stop-watch of yours. Where was it?"—In my hand.

Mr. Firth: Where was your hand?

The Superintendent: In my pocket. (Laughter.)

Mr. Firth (looking at the watch): It is a very cheap watch.

The Superintendent: Well, it is supplied to the police by the ratpayers. (Renewed laughter.)

How do you test it?

I tested it with another watch, which was tested by a watchmaker at Weybridge.

After Mr. Liddell had told the Bench that he had not been going faster than thirteen or fourteen miles an hour, and Captain Burleigh Clarke had given corroborative evidence, Mr. H. J. Swindley, the official timekeeper to the Automobile Club, was called.

To Mr. Swindley, in the witness-box, the superintendent's watch was handed. "It is worthless—quite worthless for the purpose of timing," he answered, after a scrutiny. If a man holding such a watch is a little bit eager, and presses the watch, he could make a motorist do five miles in five seconds. I know this watch well. I have known it as a cyclist for the past twenty years.

The Chairman: That evidence is of great assistance to us. The summons is dismissed.

## GRIMSBY BRIBERY CHARGES.

Yesterday the Grimsby Justices committed for trial the Lincoln Assizes Thomas Melvin, fish merchant; Henry Brown, fish steward; and William (Curly) Andrews, tobacconist, on charges of bribery at the recent municipal elections, bail being granted in each case.

Evidence was given to the effect that they had given shillings to voters, with instructions how to vote.

A charge against Arthur Wilson Simons, one of the three councillors unseated by election petition, was dismissed, it being proved it was quite an ordinary occurrence for the defendant to stand drinks at the Talbot Inn.

## MAN-CATCHING PILLAR-POST.

A well-known lawyer of Vienna has been placed in a ridiculous situation. Posting a letter in a letter-box, he found himself unable to withdraw his hand, his ring having caught in the slot.

A large crowd collected, and he had to endure their jokes for an hour until workmen came and set him free by unscrewing the letter-box.

We have often wondered what the mystic initials T. W. H. stood for, and now we know. For yesterday Mr. Thomas William Hodgson Crosland, author of "The Unspeakable Scot" and "Lovely Woman," was himself spoken to.

He appeared as plaintiff in an action to recover damages for alleged libel against the Dorset Publishing Company, Limited, the proprietors of the "St. James's Gazette."

The action was in respect of a review of "Lovely Woman," which appeared in the columns of that newspaper on May 21, 1903. The article stated, "There is one passage in Mr. Crosland's book with which we can cordially agree."

The passage referred to said, "When I look out upon life in my calmest moments I am prone to wish that all women were widows. If they were, the amount of human suffering on the earth would, to say the least, be sensibly reduced." The book

Mr. Crosland: I refer to her poetry. If you are a judge of verse at all, you will agree with me.

Mr. Gill: For the purposes of this publication you may treat me as a Scotsman. Had she ever done you any harm?

Mr. Crosland: She has written some verses; and will you read them as well as the context?

Mr. Gill: She is a lady of some reputation as an authoress?

Mr. Crosland: It depends upon what you call reputation.

Mr. Gill: You mention her father, Sir Henry Fowler, for some reason?

Mr. Crosland: There are such things as a theory of heredity.

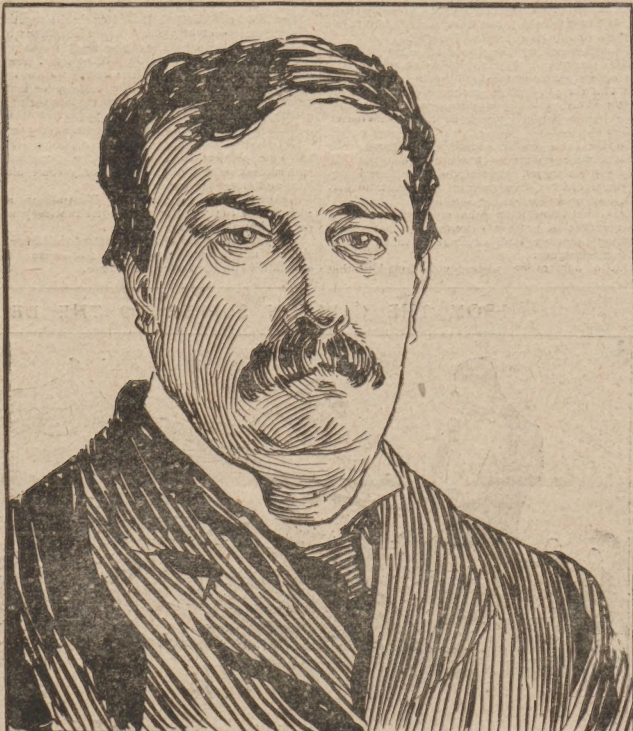
Mr. Gill: You say of him, "I once beheld him on the Calais boat eating buns out of a bag."

Mr. Crosland: That is true.

Mr. Gill: Why state it?

Mr. Crosland: It seemed to be very ridiculous.

## MR. T. W. H. CROSLAND.



The author of "The Unspeakable Scot" and "Lovely Woman" brings an action against a newspaper for speaking about him. (Elliott & Fry.)

further stated that "If you say to a widow, 'Will you be mine?' on a moment's acquaintance, she neither faints nor calls for the police. It is not so with maids." The paper commented: "We are inclined to agree that if only one woman at any rate was a widow, the amount of human suffering on the earth would, to say the least, be sensibly reduced."

Mr. Crosland's counsel contended that the above extract meant that the character, temper, and disposition of his client were calculated to render the life of his wife a burden which would be relieved by his death.

The "St. James's Gazette" contended that the words complained of did not mean what was alleged and contained no defamatory meaning.

Mr. T. W. H. Crosland then spoke for himself, after Mr. Justice Grantham, who had dipped into the book which has caused all this pother, had observed that instead of "Lovely Woman," it should have been called "Unlovely Women."

The Judge having made this remarkable suggestion, the case was allowed to proceed.

Mr. Crosland began by saying that "perspiring reviewer," although not copyrighted, was his favourite phrase, and that he had a notable contempt for reviewers.

Mr. Gill, the counsel for the "St. James's Gazette," then convulsed the court by reading extracts from Mr. Crosland's volume, to which the gifted author replied, "I do not know what I have to do with all this, I am sure."

"You also refer to Miss Thorneycroft Fowler," continued Mr. Gill, and say, "I wish she had never been born."

## THE AUTHOR OF "LOVELY WOMAN."

Mr. Crosland is the hero of innumerable good stories, some of which he tells himself, others of which are told against him.

He first came into prominence through his connection with the "Outlook." Before this he had published a slight book of verse, "Literary Parables"—perhaps the most brilliant thing he ever did—and an amount of journalistic work that is buried in the files of provincial newspapers.

His career on the "Outlook" was, perhaps, the liveliest known to Fleetstreet. It is said that on one occasion he gave notice for "the twelfth and last time."

Mr. Crosland's antipathy to Scotland dates,

perhaps, from this period of his first introduction to "literary London." "Literary London" is very Scotch, and the appalling mediocrity and clannishness of some of its young and old pretenders impeded the free development of Mr. Crosland's genius at every turn.

When in funds Mr. Crosland was most formidable. He is known to have called at a friend's house with four hansom, arranged them with the horses' heads each pointing to a direction of the compass, and then, after securing his guest, to have demanded "Which way shall we go—north, south, east, or west?"

Mr. Crosland's caustic tongue has made him many enemies, but his keen eye for inflation and the humbug that so often lurks unchecked has gained him a number of friends.

Mr. Gill: You say, "I know a man well who asked to be introduced to his own wife at a country house."

Mr. Crosland: He had not seen the lady for eight months, and she had taken to dyeing her hair with peroxide of hydrogen in between.

After Mr. Gill had observed that Mr. Crosland was himself "a purveyor of libels with catchpenny titles," and that it was "impudence for a man who desired to live on libelling others to come to that court to complain of such a criticism as that contained in the defendants' journal," Mr. Justice Grantham took up the cudgels for the other sex.

The author of "The Unspeakable Scot" was himself spoken to.

Said the Judge: Mr. Crosland's book was a libel of the crassest kind on the women of England, and in so far as it was a book written to be seen in the houses of the country, it was simply disgusting.

When the reviewer said it outraged every relation of life, he said what was true. Books of this kind should be criticised sharply, and the plaintiff himself had written in the work that he liked the "bludgeoning blunt critic."

The idea he had of the sex was most wicked, and he certainly ought to know that this idea would not be free from criticism.

The jury returned a verdict for the defendants, and judgment was entered accordingly, with costs.

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## SATIRE IN SHEEP'S HEADS.

### The Lighter Side of a Colliery Dispute Which Has Led to a £150,000 Claim.

Some amusing passages occurred in the course of the second day's hearing of the action brought by the Denaby and Cadeby Main Collieries, Limited, against the Yorkshire Miners' Association for a

The question raised deals with the responsibility of trade unions concerning the financial effects of a strike, the damage claimed in the case amounting to approximately £150,000.

Mr. W. H. Chambers, managing director of the plaintiff company, deposed that in August, 1903, he was in Cadeby, and on several occasions saw crowds of women and lads carrying the heads of sheep upon poles. This was meant as a reference to the men remaining at work, and termed "black sheep."

Mr. Isaacs: Are sheep's heads black?

Mr. Banks: Were they black with white heads?

Witness: They had been soiled.

Mr. Chambers then proceeded to tell the story of a fire which broke out in November in the collieries and of a speech by a Mr. Nolan, who said he "would see blazes out of the pit before the men should go to work."

Later he questioned the legal developments in the matter, subsequently coming to the "bag dirt" removal question by his opinion, was only on item in the matter under dispute. He said that an action brought against a workman named Howden and now awaiting trial in the House of Lords was an action brought at Howden's own instance, but the plaintiff company paid the costs of it. (Laughter.)

The question of "bag dirt" was not then gone into.

## WHAT A RABBI LACKS.

### Why the Hebrew Preferred the Court of Bacon.

An interesting sidelight was thrown on the moral law of the alien Jew in a case that came before Whitechapel County Court yesterday.

A little old man named Karmovitz sued a Mrs. Cohen for £6 10s, in respect of a deal in which he had gone before your Rabbi, whose Court has great binding power over your consciences than the Court appears to have?

Plaintiff: Nein; I want it heard here.

Judge Bacon: Why?

Plaintiff: Because ze Rabbi's Court has (Laughter.)

A Solicitor: He means the Rabbi's Court, who no bailiffs, your Honour. (Laughter.)

Mrs. Cohen called her little daughter, who created some amusement.

Judge Bacon asked if she could remember the Commandment which inculcates telling the truth.

"Yes," said the girl; "Thou shalt not tell lies."

## NO MONOPOLY IN WHITE BANDS.

The attempted corner in White Vienneur Bands has failed, and in future the title is open to all and sundry.

Mr. Justice Kekewich, in the Chancery Division yesterday, refused the suggestion of Mr. Wynn Jones that his was the only genuine band, as witnesses testified the language was merely used to give a sort of Hungarian tone to the bands, and presumably are quite prepared to wear any other coloured tunics and be in any prevailing fashion of nationality.

## THE JUDGE'S RAILINGS.

Judge Rentoul, K.C., in the City of London Court, yesterday, told a story of his own personal experience of landlords.

He was once, he said, a tenant of a man who put a clause into the lease that if the Judge was to repoint the railings of his house in three years, time and again in seven years.

He did not do the pointing at the end of three years because the clause was absurd, and the landlord probably knew it. He pointed the railings at the end of seven years, and no claim for damages was ever made against him.

## "AN UNNATURAL MONSTER."

"You are an unnatural monster," said the magistrate presiding at the tribunal of Whitechapel, Zurich, to a man who charged his wife with the

Her story, says one Geneva correspondent, was a very sad one. The husband being in debt, and a poor woman sold some of the household furniture to buy bread for her children. When he did not come to meet the rent, first he was taken to the police station, and then to the workhouse.

liberated from prison. The magistrate, however, dismissed the case, and ordered the furniture to be replaced at the expense of the community.

## HARD LABOUR FOR CRUEL PARENTS.

Charles and Jane Humphries, husband and wife, were charged at Sherborne yesterday with cruelty to a girl named Rose Green, daughter of the family.

The child, it was alleged, had been compelled to have her meals in the back yard, sleep on the bed, and the condition of P.C.C., was filthy.

by an inspector of the N.P.C.C., was filthy, and the male prisoner, who is an inmate of the workhouse, was sent to gaol for four months, and his wife to six weeks, with hard labour.

A farthing a month was the offer of payment made by a defendant at Westminster Magistrate's Court; an order was made for payment of the sum.

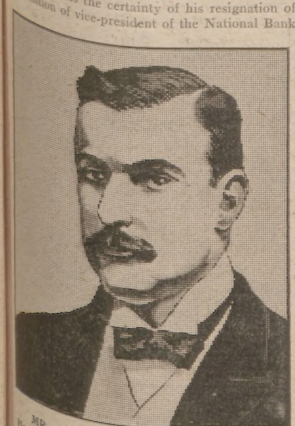


# MORGAN'S SON TO MANAGE £600,000,000.

## PIERPONT I. TO ABDICATE; "VIVE PIERPONT II."

Trust King's Enormous Wealth to be Managed by His Son and Junior Partner.

For some time past has been busy with Mr. Pierpont Morgan's future plans. The less the certainty of his resignation of the position of vice-president of the National Bank



MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN, JUN.  
He has long managed the Morgan interests in this country. He lives in Princes Gate.

Commerce fell with bomb-like effect yesterday, and gave colour to the statement that the great financiers are retiring from the field on which he has

content himself with a private life, or, at least, one in which Business—with a big B—plays a minor rôle.

People on this side of the Atlantic have but a vague conception of Mr. Morgan's enormous interests in the financial world. It was shown a few months ago that he had been in actual control of over £600,000,000—that is to say, he and his associates governed capital to that enormous extent.

In the railway world Mr. Morgan is supreme master of a mileage almost as great as that of all the railways of Great Britain and Ireland, employing more men than there are sailors in our Navy, earning £30,000,000 a year in gross profits, and owning land of an area greater than that of Ireland and Yorkshire thrown in.

Though he objects to the publication of his name in charity donations, he secretly gave £5,000 towards the installation of the electric light in St. Paul's, while hospitals in New York have received cheques through his firm to the extent of £250,000, on condition that the donor's name is not stated.

His chief recreation, perhaps, is yachting, and when overwhelmed with correspondence he will take his secretaries and papers on board his magnificently-appointed steam yacht Corsair, and cruise along the coast until the work is finished.

He is a great smoker; his cigars are specially rolled for him and cost six shillings apiece. He has a passion for dogs, and owns quite a number of very valuable collies.

Now that his abdication is imminent, if not actually an established fact, all eyes are turned to the young man who is to carry on the traditions of the house of Morgan and Co. "Jack" Morgan is guaranteed by one who knows him to be "a chip of the old block," and possessed of a pair of stalwart shoulders, worthy both morally and physically to wear his father's mantle.

J. Pierpont Morgan II. is thirty-four years of age, and in appearance a son of Anak, six foot two in his stockings and broad in proportion. His features seem to have been cast in the paternal mould, large, rugged, and full of character, and his shrewd Yankee soul looks out through a pair of small, twinkling grey eyes.

Although an almost unknown quantity to the man in the street, young Morgan has long occupied a vastly important position. From his room in the dingy Broad-street office, on whose brass plate runs the legend, "J. S. Morgan and Co.," he directs the London affairs of his father's financial kingdom.

There is nothing of the millionaire's son of

## IN WALL-STREET.



A snapshot of "Pierpont Senior" talking to Washington T. Conner, one of his brokers in Wall-street. This little talk may have meant a deal in millions.

the most amazing battles. Gradually, it is said, rather the strenuous life of the real Crown Prince, who spends his days in toilsome preparation for

fiction about "Jack" Morgan. His has been rather the strenuous life of the real Crown Prince, who spends his days in toilsome preparation for

## SNAPSHOT SEEKERS.



A group of newspaper photographers waiting for Mr. Morgan to leave his office after a big money business. The financier does not like being snapshotted, so they are all the more eager.

## QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S FAVOURITE NIECE.



Princess Ingeborg of Sweden and her two daughters, the Princesses Margaretha and Martha.

the high honours and royal duties one day to devote upon him.

He worked in his father's office in New York before he became a partner in the London branch, where he is the hardest-working member of the

In private life young Morgan is the proud father of a sturdy quartette—two boys and two girls. His wife, a woman of great charm, was Miss Jane Grew, of Boston, who, like her husband, is of a retiring disposition and has apparently

## SNAPSHOTTERS EVADED.



Mr. Morgan was told about the newspaper men, so he went out by the side door straight into his carriage. The crowd and the photographers are after him post haste.

staff, coming earlier and staying later than any of his clerks.

In character as well as appearance he is his father's son. He has the same talent for getting through the maximum of work in the minimum of time, the same faculty for grasping the intricacies of his business and the same high reputation for integrity and solidity. Like Pierpont Morgan I, the heir to the throne shuns publicity, and politely ignores the existence of the yellow journalist.

no ambition to ruffle it in London smart society. Their town house in Prince's-gate is full of treasures, as Mr. Morgan, jun., has almost as keen an appetite for rare bric-a-brac as the owner of the Plouffe bronzes and other priceless gems.

At Aldenham Abbey, near Watford, the Morgans, jun., are the near neighbours of Lord and Lady Essex at Cassiobury Park. Here the heir to the retiring giant leads the life of a country gentleman, rides, golfs, and walks with energy.



# WHITAKER WRIGHT—VERDICT OF SUICIDE.

**He Swallowed a Capsule of Potassium Cyanide During a Brief Retirement, and Washed It Down with Whisky and Water.**

## Pathetic Scenes at the Inquiry When the Dead Man's Son Identifies the Body of His Unfortunate Father.

The coroner's jury yesterday decided that Mr. Whitaker Wright committed suicide by poison, and they added no statement as to the condition of his mind.

It would have been almost hypocrisy to do so, for the convicted man was certainly not insane in

Lawson Walton's principal junior in the great trial.

After the jury—a typical coroner's jury, and very different from the smart twelve business men who found the dead man guilty—had slowly filed into the mortuary, and again taken their places, one by one, with the picture of the dead man's face impressed on their imaginations, a sympathetic silence fell on the Court.

Mr. Whitaker Wright's son had taken his place in the witness-box—a tall young man, with a slight dark moustache, in deep mourning, and with a grief-stricken face.

"My name is Whitaker Wright," he said, showing his father's self-control over his voice.

There seemed to be something uncanny about

standing up to be sentenced," asked the Coroner. Mr. Lewis replied that as far as he remembered Mr. Wright held his hands behind his back.

Mr. Lewis then told the Court that after the sentence he was detained upstairs, and it was some fifteen minutes before he could keep his promise and join Mr. Wright. The latter then had Mr. Eyre, one of his secretaries, Mr. Worters, his old accountant, Mr. Smith, the assistant-superintendent of the courts, and a tipstaff with him in the room below. The two latter now went from the room and left Mr. Wright alone with his friends.

### Death Scene Described.

Mr. Wright, when they had gone, thanked Mr. Lewis for his conduct of the case and expressed amazement at the result. "I have never intentionally done anything wrong at all," he said, and added, "I think I am the most composed of all." The possibility of getting a new trial was also discussed, and Mr. Wright said, "I wish to do exactly as you advise."

While Mr. Wright was talking he was near the table, on which the luncheon things still remained, and he helped himself to some whisky and water. He then moved to the fireplace, and, while standing there, removed his watch and chain.

"I shan't have any use for this in that place. Keep it for me," he said to Mr. Eyre, and handed the watch to that gentleman. Mr. Eyre replied, "I shall keep it until we meet once more."

Mr. Wright now walked across the room to an armchair that was on the other side. As he did so he asked for another cigar, for he had been smoking before.

Mr. Worters, to whom the request was made, took a cigar from Mr. Wright's own case, which was lying open, and handed it to him.

This cigar Mr. Wright took in his hand, and he was in the act of lighting it when he suddenly

to Mrs. Wright, he had replied, "No; there is plenty of time."

After Mr. Lewis had finished his graphic story, Mr. Worters and Mr. Eyre added their accounts of the same incidents. The latter gentleman spoke



Dr. Atkey who was called from King's College Hospital to attend the dying financier.

with much feeling of his dead friend. When he first saw him after the sentence Mr. Wright said, "This is British justice."

The evidence of the tipstaff Dixon surprised the Court—from the revelation that it contained—that

## DEATH IN THE CIGAR.



The Coroner examines the cigar which was supposed to have contained deadly poison.

any sense, and it was evident that the act was carefully premeditated as an escape from the sentence of penal servitude. The jury mercifully evaded the verdict of *felo-de-se*.

It is now clear that Mr. Wright took advantage of a retirement to a lavatory at the Law Courts to put a capsule of poison into his mouth. He retained it there for a few minutes, and on his return to the waiting-room washed it down with a draught of water.

Then he smoked, and his last words were a request for another cigar. His coolness during the agonising moments of mental strain that must have followed the taking of the poison shows what an iron will the man must have possessed.

Dr. Freyberger, the L.C.C. specialist, not only reiterated the already published fact that the death was due to cyanide of potassium, self administered, but he also told the Coroner's Court the exact moment when, in all human probability, Mr. Wright introduced the poison into his mouth, and also, approximately, the time, a few minutes later, when he swallowed the deadly dose. For Mr. Wright hesitated for some time before he completed the act of suicide which he had begun.

After Dr. Freyberger's convincing evidence and clever deductions, and after a plain direction from the coroner, the jury brought in a verdict that was of the sternest possible nature by its very simplicity: "Suicide by self-administered poison." No addition of an opinion about the state of mind of the dead man mitigated the finding.

## "MY NAME IS WHITAKER WRIGHT."

The inquest took place in the little upper room in Horseferry-road that is known as the Westminster Coroner's Court. There could hardly have been a greater contrast than that presented by this little court when set, as it was in the minds of many present, side by side with the large justice hall in the Law Courts, where, forty-three hours before, Mr. Whitaker Wright stood up to be sentenced.

The Westminster Coroner's Court is a long, narrow room scantily provided with oaken pews of an ecclesiastical pattern. Its ecclesiastical suggestion is further heightened by a stained-glass window over the coroner's chair.

But beyond these ecclesiastical adornments it has no claim to distinction. It is simply a little, narrow, upper room.

The people who packed every inch of it, too, yesterday, were very different from the brilliant throng that has lately been filling King's Bench Court VII. There were no eminent K.C.s in the forefront; no distinguished lady visitors in frocks of the latest fashion.

One visitor, however, was noticeable, Sir George Lewis, who did not attend the Law Courts on any day during the trial. Sir George had come to the inquest because his son, Mr. G. J. G. Lewis, was one of the principal witnesses.

Besides Sir George and his son the only well-known lawyer present was Mr. Muir, representing Mr. Whitaker Wright's family; Mr. Muir was Mr.

this repetition of that often-repeated name—by a living Whitaker Wright, son of the dead Whitaker Wright.

The son's evidence was purely formal—evidence of identification, and how he had seen his father at their London quarters at Whitehall Court on Sunday last. Everybody was glad that the young man's ordeal was a short one.

Then Mr. George Lewis, the clever son of Sir George Lewis, went into the witness-box. Mr. Lewis had been acting throughout the trial as Mr. Wright's solicitor, and had been sitting by his side in court the whole while. Very clearly Mr. Lewis told the story of the events of the last day.

When the jury retired, he said, Mr. Wright went down to the little room below the Judge's bench, where he had been in the habit of taking lunch during the trial. Mr. Wright took his last lunch, a frugal one, of cold beef. He was still sanguine of the result of the trial, and remarked that he was sure of an acquittal, or at least of a disagreement.

While solicitor and client were returning to the court, on word being brought that the jury had made up their minds, Mr. Wright said: "Promise me that you will come back with me after it is over." To this Mr. Lewis replied, "I certainly shall do so."

"Where were Mr. Wright's hands while he was



The Policeman produces Mr. Whitaker Wright's revolver.

## MR. WHITAKER WRIGHT'S SON.



The most tragic figure at the inquest was the son of the dead financier who, in reply to the question of the Coroner, "What is your name?" startled the court by replying "Whitaker Wright."

threw away the lighted match. "Worters, stamp on it," said Mr. Lewis, and as he spoke these words he noticed for the first time that Mr. Wright was breathing heavily. Thinking that the reaction of the excitement through which he had been was setting in, and that he was out of sorts, Mr. Lewis went to him, and took him by the hand.

"I then found that he was very ill," continued the witness, "and going to the door I sent the tipstaff for a doctor."

Mr. Wright died almost immediately after the doctor arrived, concluded Mr. Lewis, fifteen minutes from the time that he began breathing heavily. He did not speak another word after he threw down the lighted match.

No sign or hint had he given that he intended to take his life. When asked after the sentence whether he wished a telephone message to be sent

the Law Courts authorities, unlike those of the Old Bailey, do not search prisoners. This duty, said Dixon, is discharged by the prison authorities when the prisoners are handed over.

The Coroner: Is the possibility of the prisoner doing anything to himself ever considered?

The Tipstaff: I never consider it.

The next witness, Mr. Smith, assistant-superintendent of the Law Courts, provided a very important piece of evidence.

It was on what Dr. Freyberger based his deduction about the time of the suicide.

Mr. Wright asked to go to the lavatory, said Mr. Smith. "I took him there, and he remained inside for a moment, while I was at the door."

This was the important part of the official evidence.

The witness then told of the search which took



## FINDERS OF "UNHIDDEN TREASURE."

Some of the People Who Yesterday Found Fortune Reflected in the Shining "Mirror" Discs.

The search for "hidden treasure" has been eclipsed by the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* scheme of distributing unhidden treasures—discs, ranging in value from 10s. to 45s placed in the most obvious and populous places.

Early yesterday morning a representative started out to walk through London. Choosing the most obvious places, the discs were placed openly, and within the reach of anybody. Soon afterwards, unhidden treasure was the topic of conversation at numberless breakfast tables.

As the crowds of workers made their way along the main London streets on their way to work, eyes were seen glancing in every direction. Men whose wonted look was one of blank unconcern were alert and keen. Doorways, window-sills, pavements, and gutters were scanned by persistent eyes.

Many a man who day after day had made his way with merely a casual glance around him learnt more of London in a few minutes' walk than he had done in years previously.

### Lucky Widow's Mite.

Fortune favoured her own sex, and the first lucky finder was a woman. She lost no time in making her claim, and by half-past nine had presented a disc which entitled her to 41s.

When she had been paid she told a *Daily Illustrated Mirror* reporter all about her luck. Her name is Mrs. Walton, and she lives at 60, Grafton-street, W.C.

"A little extra money means a lot to me, for you see I'm a widow," said Mrs. Walton, "and I made up my mind to keep my eyes open. I'm a daily housekeeper, and have to go out early, so I knew I had a good chance."

"As I came through South-square, Gray's Inn, I saw the disc shining in a pool of mud just near the porter's lodge. I ran to it and picked it up, and it really was one. I didn't stop to see whether

Bow, was the next claimant, and was paid the 41s, which his disc represented, by mid-day.

He had also found his disc in the Tube. As he was waiting for his train he moved a parcel which was standing there, and the unhidden treasure was just beside it.

A bitter sceptic arrived at the office soon after three and nonchalantly handed in a disc to which

finder, who is only fifteen years old, had spent his spare time all day searching for the unhidden treasure.

The forgery was lying on the corner of the pedestal which supports the statue in Holborn Circus. After searching all down one side of Holborn, he crossed the road to start his search on the other side, and found the sham disc.

His disappointment when he found that he was not entitled to five pounds was very keen.

The forgery is an excellent one, except for the

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street post-office and found his disc on the floor.

Mr. Reynolds intends to keep it as a mascot. The inevitable practical joker has made his appearance, of course, and the next arrival was one of his victims. It was a sad case, for the



Brenner, the "Troc" waiter, found a 45 disc in a flower pot.

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MRS. WALTON, a widow of Grafton-street, who started the list of the lucky finders of "Mirror" discs. She found the money taken in a strange place.

anyone else saw me pick it up. I just slipped it into my pocket and was too excited to think of anything else."

Just then our artist started to sketch Mrs. Walton. "Please be sure and don't put my colour in," she said. "I'm so excited that I'm quite red."

Mrs. Walton confessed that she had kept her eyes wide open on her way to the office, in the hopes of finding another disc.

The next claimant arrived at eleven o'clock, and received 10s. for what he had at first thought to be the top of a tobacco tin.

He is a liftman on the Central London Railway, and is in charge of one of the lifts at Bond-street Station. He told our reporter that when the lifts are empty the liftmen pick up the "bus-tickets" and papers which have been thrown down by the passengers, and while he was doing so he found the disc just behind the leg of the seat. His name is Walter Jones, and he lives at 45, Ellesley-road, Shepherd's Bush.

Thomas Hollingdale, of 40, Wellington-street,



A fortunate Tube lift man, named Jones, who found his disc on the floor of the lift.

The joy of the usually solemn policeman on a lonely beat, who finds a disc just before the sergeant comes along.

he seemed to attach little value. It represented a five-pound note, none the less, and the sceptic was wreathed in smiles.

Giving his name as F. B. Brenner, he explained that he was a waiter at the Trocadero Restaurant. He had only just been explaining to a customer



A sketch of a friend of Brenner, the lucky Troc waiter, showing his disgust at finding a "fake" disc, just at closing time.

who was lurching that he had no belief in "treasure," either hidden or unhidden. "Talk!" said Brenner; "All talk! There's nothing in it really."

A few minutes afterwards he moved a flower-vase from the middle of a table and something that looked like a five-shilling piece fell out. It was a *Mirror* disc.

Even then he was not fully convinced, and when one of his fellow waiters wanted to buy it he almost concluded a bargain. Hard cash to the tune of 45s has convinced him, however.

The next lucky finder was Mr. J. Reynolds, of 1, West End-mansions, Hampstead, but he has not been paid for his disc. Not that the office objected, but Mr. Reynolds preferred to keep his disc.

Fortune has been treating him badly lately, but it turned yesterday. The first thing that happened was that he received a cheque on a bankrupt estate from which he had not expected as much pence as he got pounds. Then he went into the Fleet-



Reynolds, who would not part with his disc because he wished to keep it as a mascot.

fact that it is made of brass, while the *Mirror* discs are not. It has evidently been copied from the picture which was published in the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* yesterday morning.

### COMMITAL ON THE MURDER CHARGE.

James Valentine Curry, aged forty-two, a furniture polisher, of 49, Gibraltar-walk, Bethnal Green, was yesterday committed for trial for the murder of his two sons, aged respectively six and a half and four and a half years. Evidence was given to the effect that the man's life had been a pathetic struggle against poverty and a jealous wife. He had fallen an arrear with his subscription to his trade society, with the result that he could only obtain work at very few places until he had been re-admitted to the union.

### HOTEL MANAGER'S INQUEST.

Drink developing into cancer of the liver was given as the cause of death of John Pelican at an inquest held in Pentonville Prison yesterday morning. The deceased was serving his third sentence for begging, and had on each occasion served his term in hospital. He was stated to have at one time been manager at the Hotel Continental, Waterloo-place, and to have a sister holding a high social position in Austria.

### FOR CONSUMPTIVES WITH LITTLE CASH.

A meeting has just been held at Davos (writes our Geneva correspondent) in favour of the scheme for the erection of a sanatorium for English people with limited means. The sanatorium is to be named after Queen Alexandra, and will be commenced as soon as sufficient money is forthcoming, but though the Queen is heartily supporting the movement funds are still low.

### IMPERIAL MOVEMENTS.

The Imperial Saharan Court will leave the Savoy Hotel in a fortnight for Belgium, where the Emperor has rented a splendid country estate.

The new address will be Chateau Royal D'Ardennes-sur-la-Meuse, Namur. No indication is given when the Court will finally move to Troja.

The Union Jack Club Carnival at the National Skating Palace, as to the date of which some misapprehension seems to have arisen, will take place on Thursday, February 4.

### Continued from page 6.

after the death of Mr. Wright. A servant from his flat, who had been summoned, conducted

Mr. Smith now opened a brown paper parcel, and, to the surprise of everybody no revolver was produced. Some ordinary trinkets and coins, and a shilling that Dr. Freyberger afterwards said was

the sign that Mr. Wright received from Mr. Whitaker, also produced by Mr. Smith, and the latter examined it curiously, remarking that it was not in the ordinary way.

The owner of the revolver was soon explained. It was a gift from a friend, who made another search, and had fully cocked, in the depths of one of Dr. Freyberger's pockets.

Dr. Freyberger, keen-looking and with matter-of-fact manner, then stepped into the box to give an examination of Mr. Wright's body, he said, and found it to be that of a well nourished man.

His organs, some of which were of abnormal size, the heart being twice as large as it ought to be. The most remarkable thing about the organs was that they all, especially the stomach, smelt strongly of gastric acid.

There could be no doubt, concluded Dr. Freyberger, that Mr. Wright died by cyanide of potassium (Prussic acid salt).

He then told the court that Mr. Wright had taken the poison into his mouth in the morning during the brief period that he was in the hospital. He explained the medical examination by the post-mortem which caused

there was a mark in the dead man's mouth that the poison had been retained there some time, and this mark was washed down by the water which Mr. Wright drank whiskey.

Death would take place fifteen minutes following poison.

Dr. Freyberger's summing up was very short. He pointed out to the jury that the cause of death was not the whiskey, but the cyanide of potassium.

With regard to Mr. Wright's state of mind, he said, he had no suggestion that he was other than sane, and he had a strong motive for

the jury returned their simple verdict of guilty.

The Coroner afterwards referred to the absence of any instructions to the staff at the Law Courts, and said that no doubt in future rules would be framed so that a person should be immediately committed after conviction.

### THE LAST JOURNEY.

Body taken to Witley to Await the Funeral.

The efforts of the friends to prevent any undue display of morbid curiosity on the part of the public in connection with the removal of the body were not without result. The time was

kept secret, and thus only a few people were about when a glass hearse, followed by an undertaker's cart containing an empty coffin and

accompanied by half a dozen men, drove up to the large lead shell was taken into the mortuary, and into this was placed the body, which had

previously reposed in a plain wooden shell. No one was present to witness this sad scene except Mr. Whitaker Wright, the son, and the men employed in the task. The body was reverently

carried to the hearse and conveyed to the mortuary, where the leaden shell was placed in a handsome oak coffin.

The coffin was furnished with brass mountings, and the breast-plate contained the simple record of Mr. Wright's birth and death. Then the

body was once more placed in the hearse, and the train had been engaged for the journey

to Waterloo Station, where several friends of Mr. Wright in other days, the body was

placed in the funeral car.

The friends took their seats in the carriage, and the train steamed out, leaving a number of people gathered in the vicinity of

Several policemen, however, were in attendance to preserve order, and no unseemly scene occurred. The body was taken by road to

Lea Park, to await the funeral.

The funeral will take place at Witley Church. The body will leave Lea Park at 1.30 p.m. to

and for the benefit of friends desiring to attend. It is estimated that a train will leave Waterloo at 11.20 a.m., in time for the funeral, and

consequence of the verdict of suicide the body of Mr. Whitaker Wright is debarred from

interment in the consecrated ground. It will be possible for any minister of the Church to read the burial service at the place of interment. In every public cemetery, a portion of the ground is unconsecrated, and it will be possible to place the remains there.

The verdict and Insurance.

It is believed that Mr. Whitaker Wright is insured in various offices. In considering the verdict on these policies, it is to be made about suicide; in others it depends on the time the insurance has been in force,

man insured from one to seven years.

Nothing but no office would pay, as it would be to obtain the benefits of his insurance for

But Whitaker Wright must have been insured years ago, and in the opinion of the question is not likely to arise. It



# BOY KING OF SPAIN THREATENED BY A BOMB.

## The Box Contained 175 Grammes of Dynamite, Broken Glass and Lead.

King Alfonso of Spain has been the object of an anarchist plot. The attempt was made on Saturday, but nothing was said at the time, in order that no alarm might be caused, and so well was the secret kept that the details have only just come out.

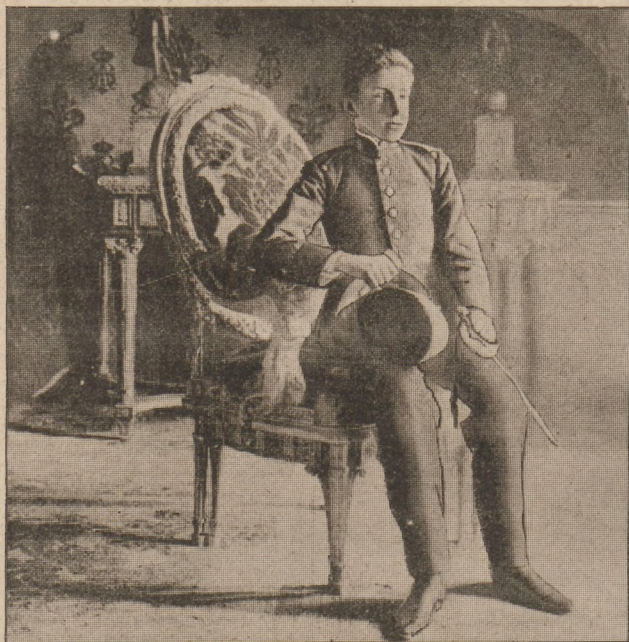
The Prefect of Police now informs the Press that on the King's name-day a tin box with a

advised that the inferior sandstone should be sprayed with barite water, which, in his opinion, would not only completely reconstitute the stone, but render it hard and more solid than when in its original condition. The treatment has proved entirely successful, and a chemical has at last been discovered which will resist the action of the acids present in the London atmosphere.

### THE ROYAL WEDDING.

All the members of the British Royal Family will be present at the marriage of Princess Alice of Albany at Windsor, on February 10, with the

## ALPHONSO, THE BOY-KING OF SPAIN.



On his name-day he was nearly blown up by a bomb.

(Photo by Underwood & Underwood.)

fuse attached was found on the Plaza del Oriente, which is between the royal palace and the royal theatre at Madrid.

Two policemen noticed two suspicious-looking men seated on a stone bench near one of the



DR. KNOX.

Ex-Bishop of Coventry. He is now Bishop of Manchester. He has been presented with a cheque for £1,000 as a tribute of respect for his educational work from the citizens of Birmingham. (Photo by Whiteley.)

entrances to the palace. Seeing they were observed, the strangers walked away, leaving a package under the bench.

This was found to be a hermetically soldered tin with a wick which was still smouldering.

The box (says Renter) was taken to the chemical laboratory, where it was found to contain 175 grammes of dynamite and a quantity of broken glass and lead.

If an explosion had taken place there would have been many victims, for the palace was crowded.

### CHURCH ON CHURCHES.

Scientific treatment has successfully arrested decay of the stonework in the Chapter House at Westminster. Such is the gratifying information given by a White Paper issued by the Commissioner of Works. In 1901 Professor A. H. Church

exception of the Duke of Cambridge, who will be in the South of France, and Princess Henry of Battenberg, who is abroad.

The foreign royal guests bidden to the ceremony are the King and Queen of Wurtemberg, the Queen Mother of the Netherlands, the Prince and Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont, with their daughter, Princess Helena; the Prince and Princess Friedrich of Wied (son-in-law and daughter of the King of Wurtemberg), and the Prince and Princess of Berthelm-Weinfurth.

The residents of Kingston-on-Thames have decided that their present to Princess Alice shall be a brougham, as they understand that that would be a most acceptable form for the gift to take. The present from the inhabitants of Esher is to be a picture, the final choice of the subject to be left to Princess Alice.



MR. H. H. ASQUITH.

He has become an automobilist, having acquired a 12-h.p., two-cylinder Darracq car. Will "H. C. B." follow his example? (Kassell.)

### HAREMS CHEAPLY FURNISHED.

Where a Dozen Female Slaves Can Be Bought for a Few Shillings.

The horrors of the slave trade still carried on in the Congo are vividly described in an American paper.

The writer saw an Arab expedition returning from a slave raid. There were a thousand people, 800 of whom were slaves. They had travelled a thousand miles, and looked like skeletons. Deaths from small-pox and hunger had numbered over twenty a day.

The writer knew a Frenchman who had bought a woman for 32 sous, and was proud of his bar-

gain. Another had added to his harem a new wife, for whom he had given an old muzzle-loading gun.

When slaves are bought with beads a few hundred are given; possibly 5 or 6 francs' worth. A full slave will buy five slaves in the Bunda region, and gun will buy five slaves in the Bunda region, and if they are small, more. When slaves are plentiful a good article can be bought for 200 gun caps, and can in turn be traded off for ivory.

"One caravan of Arabs," the writer continues, "had a number of native women whom they had bought at the rate of one tusk for two young girls of marriageable age. As one gun of the old muzzle-loading musket order sells for three or four tusks of ivory, this works out some six or eight women for 15 francs—a cheap enough bargain surely! A poorly-blooded pup at home would cost more than an African maiden."



MR. CHARLES TYSON VERKES.

The wealthy American, who has just sailed for England to complete his scheme for electrifying the Transatlantic Railway. (Photo by Underwood & Underwood.)

## THE BOY KING'S PALACE.



It was near the Palace that a tin box was found with a fuse attached.

(Photo by Underwood & Underwood.)

## CLEVER TROUPE OF LADY ZOUAVES.



These attractive young ladies are doing a popular turn at a London music hall.



# THRILLING MOTOR CAR RIDE UP SNOWCLAD SNOWDON.

## MR. DU CROS'S FEAT.

Mountain motoring is the coming pastime. All that is wanted is a good car, a decent track, some weather, and a level head. One must be quite cautious for the head, or the consequences may be disastrous for the owner.

Mr. Harvey du Cros, junr., and a friend of his, Mr. Charles Sangster, have just experimented as to the possibilities of mountain motoring. They

sleepers and ballast, the distance between the rails and the car wheels being only a few inches on either side.

Mr. Du Cros explained that the average gradient of the rail track is the steepest of any in the world. In some places it is 1 in 10, but more generally 1 in 6, while in others it is rather more than 1 in 5. The stations, as visitors to Snowdon may remember, are Waterfall, Hebron, Halfway, and Clogwen.

The last but one was reached on the first day, and Clogwen was passed on the second. Then the

Cros, "ever done in mountain motoring — far bigger than the feat accomplished in Switzerland some time ago."

Our reason for doing it was this. We wanted to demonstrate that a British-built car could climb the steepest British mountain gradient. The car we went in was built in Birmingham, and it did what was expected of it."

## HE SHOULD WEAR IT IN HIS HAT.

"If you annoy me I'll throw you out of the car" was the vigorous threat of Mr. Henry John Bishop, of South Norwood, to an inspector who asked for his tram ticket. This led to an appearance before the Croydon Bench and a fine of five shillings. If Mr. Bishop has a fancy for collecting passenger vouchers, he will do well to confine his journeyings to the omnibuses. At the time the Act of Parliament under which they collect their fares was passed tickets were unthought of, and no power to issue them was taken. But the tramways have Parliamentary authority for compelling their patrons to take and produce tickets whenever the whim of their servants suggests. If it is permissible to offer a suggestion to a doubtless sorely aggrieved man, it may be mentioned that to wear the ticket like a sporting trophy above the hat brim is largely practised among certain classes as calculated to conduce to a quiet life on a tramcar.

## FROM QUEEN TO NATION.

Osborne House, which was King Edward's Coronation gift to the nation, as a memorial of the late Queen Victoria, is to be made a convalescent home for officers of the Army and Navy. The alterations are now nearly completed. Osborne House stands in an estate of 2,000 acres, well-wooded and adorned with terraced gardens. The house has two fronts—one to the north-east and one to the south-west; one for summer and one for spring. Golf links have been laid out in the park, and a small building originally erected for a summer tea-room will be used as a clubhouse. Except the private rooms of the late Queen, which will remain as she left them, all the house and grounds

## SOUTH-EASTERN PREFERRED.

That the chairman of the South-Eastern and Chatham Railways should claim punctuality as the distinguishing characteristic of his passenger service reads more like the playful humour of an after-dinner speech than a serious announcement at a prosaic company meeting. Mr. Cosmo Bonser, however, yesterday told the shareholders that season-ticket holders are no longer in doubt as to when they will arrive at their destination, and that advertisements for country houses in the daily papers frequently state "South-Eastern and Chatham line preferred." The seaside traffic, as with

## THE OXFORD CREW.



"Easy Ail." The Dark Blue crew slow down after a smart spin. [Bowden Bros.]

used to get up Snowdon in a 15-h.p. Ariel and climbed to within a few hundred yards of the top, where they were "held up" by a heavy snowdrift. But for this slight obstacle—Mr. du Cros remarked to a *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative, might have taken a week or months to clear away—they would have reached the summit, which is over five miles from the base, and is 3,560 feet high.

big snowdrift on the mountain's final ridge barred further progress.

"Any excitement on the way?" queried the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.

Mr. Du Cros smiled. "Only the excitement of the thing itself, and occasional glimpses of eternity at the bottom of sheer precipices 2,000ft. below, with nothing between us and space except a few inches margin of rail sleepers and partly washed away ballast."

The railway has not been used for traffic since

## THE CAMBRIDGE CREW.



Interested critics on the bank watching the return of the Cambridge crew after a racing spurt.

despite the drenching wetting both he and Mr. Sangster got. The trip was accomplished in two stages. The first was started at 12.30 on Wednesday, and the second at 9.30 on Wednesday, and the car was driven over the track of the railway Snowdon, permission having been granted by Mr. Anderson, the general manager. The car was nearly a foot wider. So the car was driven outside the rails over the projecting

October, and one can easily understand that the track was not in the best of condition.

"Sometimes we got into holes, out of which the car had to be lifted; but with this exception and the getting over the high projecting rail points, the whole journey was accomplished in the car."

"A big gale was blowing practically all the time; it was, in fact, so fierce that the ordinary railway cars could not be used by some who accompanied us."

"It was the biggest thing," concluded Mr. Du

## AFTER A ROLL IN.



The ladies of Surrey play the ladies of Kent at hockey at Surbiton. [Photo by Bowden Bros.]

## THE MAN—



Mr. Harvey Du Cros, jun., who is now safe back in London after his adventure with his motor on snow-clad Snowdon.

## —AND THE MOUNTAIN.



A daring attempt, extending over two days, has been made by Mr. Harvey Du Cros, jun., and Mr. Sangster to scale Snowdon on a motor. They failed, but think they could do it under better weather conditions.

will be given over to the needs of the convalescent home. On certain days the Durbar Hall and some other ceremonial rooms will be open to the public, together with the park. The patients will be admirably housed. A telephone is to be at each bedside, and an electric emergency bell for night use.

## OVER-NICE SENSE OF HONOUR.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)  
GENEVA, Wednesday.

A suicide prompted by a singular idea of honour took place the other day at Zurich.

A young Swiss commenced business in the Bernese Oberland many years ago, but failed, and had to go through the bankruptcy court. He emigrated to America and made a large fortune in petroleum. Recently he returned to Zurich, paid off his creditors in full, and shot himself.

From his papers it appeared that the disgrace of bankruptcy had followed him through life, and he persisted in believing that, even after his obligations were discharged, a stain rested on his name. Most of his great wealth has been left to charities.

other companies; suffered from the weather, but the *entente cordate* brought a large increase to the Continental service. The chairman dispelled the rumour that fares were to be reduced; it rested apparently solely on an intention to bring the cost of the Cannon-street and Charing Cross journey in line with competing routes.

## THE TERROR OF THE SEA.

Mr. H. W. Lucy, in the February "Cornhill," discusses some of the distinguished people who have lately died.

Many of his anecdotes relate merely how they left cards upon him, or told him that his writing was, if not genius, something very like it.

But there are some good stories in the article, as, for example, the confidence Mr. Lucy once received from the late Sir J. R. Robinson, of the "Daily News," that "his passion for travel was tamed by incurable apprehension of shipwreck. 'I could never,' he said, 'sleep in my berth for thinking that between me and the bottom of the sea there was nothing but a plank of wood.'"

There was only one thing Robinson feared more than the sea, and that was an action for libel against his newspaper!



ARCHON won Maiden Hurdle (2 miles) at Rockingham on December 1903.



[illegible]

AMUSEMENTS

to be crossed "Payable to the order of the Kingdom at the rate of 1d. a postage, payable in advance; or on receipt of 2s. 6d.; for three months, 13s.; for six months, 19s.; for a year, 26s.; for twelve months, 39s.; for three months, 19s. 6d.; for six months, 26s. 6d.; for a year, 39s. 6d.; for twelve months, 52s. 6d."

## BREAKFAST TABLE TALK.

Young Mr. Vanderbilt is said to have driven a 90-horse-power motor-car a mile in 39 seconds. This is surprising; but more sur-



## ART IN THE CAMERA—A CHARMING PICTURE.



Photo by

"Mother's Little Girl."

(Lillie Charles.)

## AFTER THE BALL.



Sophy (thinking of ghosts and goblins): Tom, what's the most horrible thing you can think of?  
 Tom (who has feasted not wisely, but too well): A boat on the sea!

## UNHIDDEN TREASURE.

Sharp Eyes Only Needed.

## "DAILY ILLUSTRATED MIRROR" DISCS

THAT ANYONE CAN FIND.

## CAN YOU READ THIS?

If you can, there is no reason why you shouldn't enrich yourself to-day. All you have to do is to use your eyes in—

CORNHILL.

THROGMORTON STREET.

REGENCY STREET.

PICCADILLY.

CAMDEN ROAD.

WANDSWORTH ROAD.

These are the streets in which the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" discs—varying in value from 10s. to £5—are placed to-day. Wherever the discs may have been deposited in the various streets they are perfectly visible. All that is required to find them is a pair of sharp eyes. If your eyes fail you to-day, do not despair. You will have another opportunity to-morrow, when the names of other streets will be given. And if again you fail, again you will have further chances of ultimate success.

This is a facsimile of the disc (bearing a secret mark which you have to look for:—



The finder of a disc, upon presenting it at the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" Office, 2, Carmelite Street, E.C.4, will receive in cash the value marked upon the disc.







OUR NEW FEUILLETON

BEGAN YESTERDAY

# THE PATH OF THE BLOOD-GAL.

A STORY OF THE "NEVER-NEVER LAND."

By **WILSON BARRETT,**Actor-Manager and Author of  
"The Sign of the Cross," etc.

## FOR NEW READERS.

They were both "sundowners" and chums, and in the twilight their friends often mistook Jack London for John Mowbray, and vice versa. But there the resemblance stopped. For while John Mowbray was a clean, upright Englishman, Jack London had gone under. Drink first, then crime—for which John Mowbray had suffered—and finally a marriage with a woman known throughout that part of Australia as "Sal" had done for Jack London. John Mowbray often wondered how London had kept from strangling his wife when time and again he had returned to find her drunk.

Perhaps Mowbray would have left the camp at Woollogowong and the "Never-Never Land" behind for ever if it had not been for London's daughter. She was only twelve years old, but owing to the fact that she had, like Topsy, been left to "grow," was older in life than years, and there was not a man who knew her who would not have done anything for "Smudgee." But it was John Mowbray who had been both father and mother to her. One day during "the great drought," a letter came for Jack London. It was from his sister, Elizabeth, a girl whom he had not seen since she was a child of six. She said that London's stepfather had died leaving him heir to much property, and that his mother was calling to see him; if he did not come home to England his mother would die of grief.

But London saw himself as he was, not fit to see his mother, Elizabeth, a girl whom he had not seen since she was a child of six. She said that London's stepfather had died leaving him heir to much property, and that his mother was calling to see him; if he did not come home to England his mother would die of grief.

CHAPTER V. Kismet.

"What!" cried John Mowbray. "You went to prison for me; go to comfort and peace for me. They'll never find you out."

"And your mother?"

"You'll save her life, Jack."

Jack put the next question in a barely audible whisper.

"And your sister?"

"She'll be happy in her mother's happiness. Jack, old man, it's kismet. I'm not long for this world. I've had an uncanny feeling of going for a long time, that grows daily stronger. Don't laugh, and tell me not to heed such impressions; we don't heed them enough."

Jack was the last person to laugh at such presentiments. He had communed too much with nature for that; and he said sincerely:

"I don't laugh, Jack. But you're all right, and will go home, and be a new man."

For a moment or two there was silence; and then, with a far-away look in his eyes, London answered:

"Yes, Jack, you've hit it. I shall go home and be a new man. But, old chum, I wish God would be very good to me, and let me be of use to some one before I start. I should go with a lighter heart."

"Don't talk of going that way, old chap," said Jack, huskily.

"I say, you've got to listen to me, and do what I say. God'll work it out in His own way, but you've got to go home to my place, and comfort my mother and sister. They won't find you out. They will expect you—not me. A year ago I sent them your portrait. I was ashamed to send my own, which suggests decadence in every feature. That's what Sibyl means in her letter. It is your picture my mother saw the likeness of her boy—what her boy might have been, a cleaner, better man than he is—other is expecting her son in the original of the picture she places on her breast at nights; and Jack, old chum, we mustn't disappoint her."

"Heavens, lad, what have you done?" Jack said in a voice choking with emotion.

"The best act of my reckless, ill-spent life. Sent the mother and sister a son and brother they can love and never blush for."

For some time both men were silent, each busy with his own thoughts. Jack was sorely tempted. For the money he cared nothing; it had no attraction for him. But the home life. How he could love such a mother. How he could worship such a sister. His mind went back over the long vista of years—yearning in vain for one really loving caress from one of his own blood, for one word of peace by a hearth that he could call his home. Now he could, if he chose, have all that he had so long missed. One little word would give him all that he had so longed for. What harm would he be doing? What sin would he be committing? He wringed no one. Surely not the mother whose life he would save. Nor the sister who lived for this mother, and whose heart would break if she lost her. Nor the son and brother who was begging him to take his place. For the little wrong he might be doing, surely he could atone a thousandfold by his love and devotion to the dear ones whom he was deceiving? Could he live his life over the great sin which he had committed, that tender, loving soul? His heart beat rapidly, the blood surged to his head as he thought of seeing her—living in the same house with her—having, as her brother, the right to guard and shield her. If he did not go London would not. Long he argued with himself, trying in vain to stifle the conscience which would not be silenced.

London anxiously awaited his decision.

"Well, old man?" he asked, timidly.

"I must not do it, Lan. It can't be right," Jack answered, weakly and hesitatingly.

"It is right, Jack. It is! It means the salvation of those two lonely women; it means peace,

comparatively, to me. Do you suppose I have not suffered, or felt no remorse for the pain I have caused them? If I did not know—absolutely know—that I should break their hearts if I went, should I ask you to take my place?"

"You must not ask me to do this. I can't. I could never carry it through. There are a thousand things you would remember that I know nothing of, and the want of knowledge would floor me."

"Rot! What do I remember that you would not tumble to in a couple of days? Who is there to be afraid of? Who is likely to recollect anything about me except my mother; and what is left of the boy she loved in me? Nothing. Look at me. Think of what you know of me. No, I tell you again you are what the mother's heart is longing to see. Not the mental and physical wreck I am, but the honest, manly chap you are."

"Honest, oh, yes! Were I to do what you ask, I should be a fraud, a mere thief."

"Thief be hanged! A man is not a thief who takes what is given him. I give this to you—take it."

"You cannot give me the right to your mother and sister's love."

"I can, and do. If I couldn't, you'd earn both."

"It's no use, I can't do it."

"Jack's resistance was not sincere nor convincing. All his soul was longing to do what his tongue was refusing."

"Your remorse," urged London, eagerly.

"Somehow it seems to me that in getting you to take my place I shall in some measure atone for the wrong I have done my mother. I shall be giving her the love and protection she craves for and cannot live without. You are such a good chap, I can see her growing younger and stronger every hour under your care; growing every day more happy. For my sake, and for their sakes, old man, do try and look at it from my point of view."

"I am trying, but I can see only the lie. I could never look your mother or sister in the face without remorse."

"Your remorse," and what of mine? Can't you see me at Landale—see me after the effects of 'a pull up'? For, I suppose I could pull up for a day or two. . . . Then the 'let go' afterwards! Can't you see my mother's face were I to stand before her—drunk? Can't you see Sibyl's innocent face white with disgust? You imagine the loathing of myself that would drive me to the loathing of everyone around me? Can't you picture it all? Go home to them? Never, old pal! Never! Never!"

"You would pull up."

"Never—I know myself. I know!"

The man's voice was hoarse. He sat with his face in his hands, grinding his teeth with impotent scorn at his own debasement. Jack could argue no further. He knew the appalling picture his friend had drawn was a true one. There was no going back, no way out of it. As if to add to the door shutting, Sal's voice was heard from the door shouting:

"What are you two up to out there? Are you going to stop out all night nagging like a couple of washerwomen over a pint o' gin? What game are you planning now?"

London looked up at Jack with a bitter smile, and asked:

"Do you want more than that? Can you imagine Sibyl calling that woman 'sister'?"

"What's that you're saying?" Sal questioned.

"Nothing that you could understand," replied London.

"I understand well enough. When you two get naggin' it's not about the likes o' me; it's your stuck-up swell friends as you talk about. A nice life I lead, don't I? Not a soul to speak to as cares a curse whether I'm dead or alive week in and week out. Nothin' to wear, little to eat. I live in Sydney. If ever I do set foot in it once more, neither you, nor twenty like you will ever get me into this infernal 'ole again. It was a black day for me when I came across you. I wish to heaven I had my time to go over again. It wouldn't be you as I'd marry, I can tell you that."

"Why don't you give father a rest?" It was Smudgee who spoke. She had come out of the hut and had needed up to Jack.

"Seems to me yer never 'appy unless you're bullraggin' 'im. If you ain't in Sydney, is 'e? Seems to me it's just as bad and wuss fer 'im than it is for us. Everybody says that Jack and 'im is gentlemens. Bein' 'ere is wuss fer them than fur us, everybody says—"

"Shut up about 'everybody's'! Who's everybody, I'd like ter know. I've mixed with—"

"Hold your tongue, woman!" London said, sternly.

"That's it. 'Shut up,' the moment I opens my mouth 'er tongue, I shall soon forget I've got one, livin' this bloomin' life. O, low sick I am of it! Sick of it, an' you, too! What a chump I was ever ter take up wiv you. You and yer fine fortunes? Ha, ha, ha! A pretty fortune, I don't think! Not the price of a glass of whisky to save your soul with, 'Your estate'! Six foot by two in the bush is all the estates you'll ever get, and not that till they bury yer."

"Six foot by two in the bush," repeated London, sadly. "Yes, you've hit it. You are right for once. It isn't much, but it will be enough. A king can't do more when his time comes, and the longer he occupies it the less he'll want it."

With a heavy sigh the world-weary man rose and walked away into the bush. The woman, with a queer little shudder, turned into the hut, and Smudgee crept a little closer to Jack, as she asked, "What did mean by that, Knight?"

"Never mind, little woman. He's a little downhearted to-night. We've all got a touch of the blues sometimes."

"I know. I do. Often when you goes off for a day or two I sits and thinks and thinks 'til I gits the blues," she said.

"I gits the blues," she said.

"I know. I do. Often when you goes off for a day or two I sits and thinks and thinks 'til I gits the blues," she said.

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from such a life had been his lot since boyhood. It had been his father's life; it was his. He had seen his mother with a child in one hand and a cow with the other. When his father came down with fever he had seen his young sister working with plough and harrow, cutting up their young lives in doing the work of men and attending to the household duties as well.

Falling in love with the pretty daughter of a neighbouring selector, he had married her, leaving his father, had started in life for himself. By never-ceasing industry and rigid economy he had enlarged his stock and holding year by year, until he was the possessor of a capital farm, sheep-run, and a comfortable home for his increasing family. All the labour of the land, and all the fruits and profits thereof, were sent in his sheep-run, his barns, stacks, and homestead. The bulk of his large flock was sent in the long drought, the stock very charred and blackened desert, and now his barns were blazing furnaces, and now his sheep-run was in peril. The boys were struggling with the men in the work of salvation.

With a six-months-old boy on her left arm and a baby in her right hand, was feebly trying to divert her thoughts, but there was no laughter for the poor little "Princess" that night, her heart was heavier than she had ever known it.

Just then Jack heard a footstep, and, turning, saw Tom Lung, a Chinaman of uncertain age, approaching him. Wong was dressed in old clothes, trousers, very old boots, a faded blue china sash, and a sailor's ragged straw hat.

"What's the matter, Wong?" asked Jack.

"Aller samee bushie fire—come along—mucchee klick," sang Wong in his high treble.

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"What's the matter, Wong?" asked Jack.

Continued on page 15.



he gave his son was tinged with profound anxiety; it conveyed a fear that his good friend Lyle must have taken leave of his senses.

Philip drew a deep breath that was something between a sigh and a sob. His relief was so tremendous that he felt a new man immediately. All the dark thoughts, nothing to us; the danger was over; and it was as if it had never been. He felt as if an angel had come to deliver him. He was light of heart, sprightly; almost gay.

"I haven't the slightest idea what Monsignor Lyle means," he said lightly, but very stiffly, implying a reproach. "But I can assure you, father, I don't know anything to my injury; I don't worry you. I was a bit nasty, I own that; but was because you insist on taking Maria's part, which, after all, was quite a ripping thing for you to do." He was so intensely joyful that in that moment he would have forgiven Maria everything that had been there.

"But what do you mean, Philip?" insisted Sir John. "Lyle—my dear friend?"

"Philip looked the priest full in the eyes. "I can only imagine, father," he said, "that Monsignor Lyle has so many penitents that he has mixed you up with someone else—someone who has committed some—fraud such as he talks about."

"He doesn't mean me," said Sir John, as the words appeared to have no effect on Sir John; on the contrary, he seemed to be satisfied, and returned immediately to the subject of Clowes's death.

"Poor fellow," he murmured several times. "Poor fellow! It gives me no pleasure to succeed him," he said, "I mean that." Then suddenly he turned to the priest, who was strictly correct, but by this amazing scene. "Lyle," he said, with a sort of half-impudent entreaty, "what could you possibly mean?"

"I mean," answered the priest in a voice that echoed through the room, loud by reason of its sternness, "I mean that you, Sir John, are bound to recall to you the sin that you committed more than a year ago, when you told me that more than thirty years ago you stole the name and place of John Chesney on his death in Australia, and have represented yourself to be he ever since; and had awakened to a sense of your guilt, and you had repented, and confessed before the world and made atonement."

Philip had started forward with clenched fists. The fiend entered into him. If Sir John had showed any signs of enlightenment, there was no knowing what he would have done. The whole thing was said in detail; there was no mistaking it. If he had started a glimmer of memory, it must now assert itself. "You only looked at me with a wasted gaze at his son, whom you suspected of wanting to lay violent hands on his friend."

"Don't Philip?" he said. "He is my friend, and a minister of God. It is some delusion he is suffering from. Lyle, it is a terrible thought to harbour, but there—there must be something the matter with him."

And suddenly the indignity of the scene, and the hopelessness of it, and the unparalleled amazingness of it, overcame the priest; and the hauteur of his office and the native pride of his character asserted themselves, so that he could no longer hold it compatible with either to stay longer in the house of these two men, one of whom had entirely lost his memory, and the other of whom he deliberately and persistently lied. He turned on his heel without another word; and left the room.

Philip turned to his father.

"He had better go after him," he said.

"He is mad!" cried Sir John, anxiously. "My boy, it is terrible. What can have come to him? He must be mad!"

To be continued.

**£1,250**

of the

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DISPATCH"**

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TREASURE  
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thing approaching this sum.

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See Sunday's Issue  
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MORNING GOVERNESS: highly recommended for young children; English, French, German, music.—Miss C., 149, Grove-lane, Denmark-hill, S.E.

### Companion.

COMPANION (travelling or social) to lady in good position required by lady.—Write 900, "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 45, New Bond Street, W.

### Nurses.

LADY Nurse seeks re-engagement; England or abroad.—M., 10, Francis-road, Leyton.

NURSE-ATTENDANT, age 27, to lady; high references.—D., Kent House, Great Port-lane-road.

### Lady's Maid.

TRAVELLING or Courier Maid: dismissed; good sailor and packer; good German and French.—B. Sharpe, 12, Lochaber-road, High-road, Lee, S.E.

### Housemaid.

HOUSEMAID—Wanted situation where parlourmaid is kept.—Emma Thistle, Banningham, Aylsham.

### Miscellaneous.

ASSISTANT in the millinery workshop; good references.—A. J., 60, Seymour-place, Brixton-square.

DRESSMAKER (young lady): West End experience; desires engagement with ladies by day.—Address S., 30, Mortimer-st., W.

GENTLEMAN, 31, single, much travelled, energetic, thorough linguist, organizer; any position, small salary.—Write 215, "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 2, Carmelite-street, E.C.

## SITUATIONS VACANT.

### Cooks.

COOKS Wanted.—A little book, "Try it," by showing how to make dainty dishes, with a saving in time and money, will be forwarded post free to any address, along with a sample of Freeman's Delicious Custard Powder and particular of a special offer of a pair of Dent's superior kid gloves, or a set of six handsome custard glasses. This exceptional offer may not be repeated, so all housewives, housekeepers, and cooks are invited to write at once a postcard will do to Freeman's "Try it" Factory, Gray's Inn-road, London, W.C.

COOK-GENERAL and House-Parlourmaid (young required); small family.—Mrs. Van Lennep, 49, Beaulieu-road, St. George's-square, S.W.

COOK-GENERAL or Useful Help wanted; small family; good wages; comfortable home; country; good wages; 21s. per week; kept.—Write, or apply, D., 10, Birchington-road, West Hampstead, N.W.

### General Servants.

GENERAL (good) wanted; plain cooking; small household; good wages.—Kerry, Buckingham House, Stanmore, Middlesex.

GENERAL (superior) wanted for one lady; small cottage near Guildford.—Rogers, Sample Oak, Chilworth, Surrey.

GENERAL (young) wanted early, February; plain cooking; good character; two in family.—Write D., 58, St. Mary Abbott's-terrace, Kensington.

GIRL (young) wanted; clean, quick, early rise; two family.—Mrs. Cropper, Ranelagh, Mill-road, Epsom.

PERSON (strong, willing, young) required to share duties country house with cook-general; must understand lamp; waiting; small; quiet establishment.—Write Granville, Covert-side, Earlswood, Surrey.

## SITUATIONS VACANT.

### Nurses.

NURSE, age thirty, for Calais; wages £20.—10, Brandon-mansions, Queen's Club-park, West Kensington.

NURSE wanted in small family; 3 children; thoroughly experienced and good needlewoman; really comfortable home; servant kept; no agents.—422—Write 1009, "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 45, New Bond Street, W.

### Parlourmaids.

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID wanted; 4 in family; 3 kept; all found but beer—S., Palace-gardens-terrace.

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID wanted; 2 in family; comfortable home; good wages; country girl preferred.—M., 23, Buckland-crescent, Bezzing-square, N.Y.

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID (young); £16-18; no beer; family of two; to-day or first by letter.—54, Cambridge-street, Marble Arch.

### Housemaid.

MAID—Housemaid required for Leicester-shire, February 8; must be good needlewoman, well trained, and smart appearance; also good Cook-Generals age between 28-30; wages £18 to £20; £16 general; two others spring month.—Brown, 8, Horse-lane-square.

### Miscellaneous.

YOUNG Lady can be received in editorial office as pupil; thorough journalistic training; exceptional advantages; premium.—Address Editor, Box 255, Willing's, 125, Strand.

## HOUSES TO LET, FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED.

DORSET—To let, two houses, one furnished, one unfurnished, near to golf links and station.—Apply "Whangarua" Broadmoor, of Ladies' Social Guild, 55, Hart-street (off New Oxford-street), London, W.

ENDIAN, Powey, Cornwall—Charming detached house; well furnished; three months or longer; two reception, five bedrooms, bathroom, bath, and cold, kitchen, scullery, uninterrupted view of harbour and open sea.—Address, Cornwall.

EXCHANGE—Furnished house, Edinburgh; eight apartments, offered in exchange for similar house in South Coast; watering-place; monthly.—Brown, 8, Horse-lane-square, Edinburgh.

## HOUSES, ETC., FOR SALE

CHISWICK—Handy for rail and river; comfortable freehold residence, 10 rooms, bath, and c., excellent garden; redecorated; well built; rental value £25; price £90; splendid house to occupy.—Owner, 367, Camden-road, N.

## FLATS TO LET AND WANTED

ELGIN AVENUE (in)-To let, furnished, first-floor flat, with plate, linen, china, for six months; to careful tenant, for nominal rent of two guineas a week; five rooms, kitchen, bath, room, electric light; newly decorated.—Write 1009, "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 45, New Bond Street, W.

## BOARD RESIDENCE AND APARTMENTS.

LARGE, airy rooms; ladies engaged daytime; preferred.—Write Krohn, 9, Clydesdale-mansions, Baywater.

WANTED, by high-class American palatine, two sitting rooms, furnished or otherwise, in good locality, thoroughly respectable.—Write 1007, "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 45, New Bond Street, W.

## MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

SEMI-GRAND Broadwood Piano: excellent condition; original price £120; owner going abroad; will take £50; Call or write P. F., 10, Christchurch-road, Hampstead Heath.

VIOLIN—Lady's valuable genuine old fiddle; perfect condition; write 917, "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 45, New Bond Street, W.

## BUSINESSES FOR SALE AND WANTED.

HIGH-CLASS Domestic Agency—Well-established and profitable business for sale, through death; unique position in fashionable district; good house and office; takings over £400 per year; very investigation allowed; price, including furniture, £500; open to offer from immediate purchaser.—Mickelthwait and Co., 94, Oxford-road, Kilburn.

AN Excellent School for young boys, specially recommended by Ven. Archdeacon of London, Colonel Binkley, R.E., Assist. Q.-Master, Devonport, and London medical men.—Apply Headmaster, Alport Hill, Harrow.

GUITAR, Singing—Success guaranteed.—Write Krohn, Voice Specialist, 9, Clydesdale-mansions, Baywater.

INSTRUCTION in Miniature and Water-colour Portrait painting, terms moderate.—Artists, 94, Oxford-road, Kilburn.

WARM FEET—Magnetic foot batteries; the greatest comfort and luxury of modern days; magnetic pure under your feet; the warm life protector known; your feet keep warm all the time, even if standing in water, snow, or ice; they defy rheumatism, aches and pains in the feet and limbs, chilblains, cramps, and tender feet, and cause a pleasant, agreeable feeling of life and vigour.—Send for circular, Dominion Novelty Co. (Dept. D. M.), Southampton.

WEST London Ladies' Laundry Association, Acton, W.—Silk and lace lingerie, fine linens, blouses, pupons, gloves, robes cleaned and daintily dressed by trained gentlewomen.

ZISKA, the greatest living Scientific Palmist and Astrologer.—169, Oxford-street, London.

## Testimony of "Daily Illustrated Mirror" Advertisers.

MATTHEW GLOAG, WINE MERCHANT,

24, Atholl St., PERTH, N.B.

JANUARY 2nd, 1904.

Advertisement Manager, "Daily Illustrated Mirror,"

2, Carmelite-street, E.C.

Dear Sir,

There have been sure replies to my small advt. in the "Daily Illustrated Mirror," and I should like to continue the experiment. The advt. may, therefore, be continued on the same terms—three times weekly for thirteen weeks.

Yours faithfully,

MATTHEW GLOAG.

9, Leonard Place, Kensington, W.

Jan. 13, 1904.

The Advertisement Manager, "Daily Illustrated Mirror."

Dear Sir,

I inserted an advertisement of Persian kittens for sale in your columns and received about thirty replies.

Yours truly,

FRANCES SIMPSON.

## MARKETING BY POST.

"DAREN" Bread.—Ask your baker; if not obtainable, write "Daren" Mills, Dartford.

"DELBOBO" means perfection, and to introduce the various specialties of this brand we will prove to you by purchase of the following unique parcel a 10-oz. bottle of DelboBO Sauce; none nicer, none better. The parcel contains:

1 lb. DelboBO Tea ..... 2 0  
1 lb. pure of mixed Coffee ..... 1 0  
1 lb. pure Cocoa Essence ..... 2 4  
1 lb. pure Cane Sugar ..... 0 6  
1 lb. Scotch Rolled Oats ..... 0 6  
1 Tin finest Marmalade ..... 0 6  
1 Tin best White Pepper ..... 0 6  
1 Tin best Black Pepper ..... 0 6  
1 Bottle "Valon" Chutney ..... 0 6  
2 lb. Jar Orange and Lemon ..... 1 0

These articles will be sent carefully packed and carriage paid on receipt of P.O. for 10s. Such value is unprecedented. Money returned if in any way dissatisfied with value or quality. DELBOBO and CORNELL Gold Medal Tea Blenders, 90, Borough, London, S.E.

DELICIOUS Cakes and Biscuits made by ladies; sample box, 2s. 6d.; ladies trained in confectionery and tea-room work.—The Geisha, 2, Gildredge-road, Eastbourne.

LIVE FISH: unrivalled value; choice selected bass, 6lb., 8s., 9lb., 2s. 6d.; 11lb., 3s.; 14lb., 4s. 6d.; 17lb., 5s. 6d.; 20lb., 6s. 6d.; 23lb., 7s. 6d.; 26lb., 8s. 6d.; 29lb., 9s. 6d.; 32lb., 10s. 6d.; 35lb., 11s. 6d.; 38lb., 12s. 6d.; 41lb., 13s. 6d.; 44lb., 14s. 6d.; 47lb., 15s. 6d.; 50lb., 16s. 6d.; 53lb., 17s. 6d.; 56lb., 18s. 6d.; 59lb., 19s. 6d.; 62lb., 20s. 6d.; 65lb., 21s. 6d.; 68lb., 22s. 6d.; 71lb., 23s. 6d.; 74lb., 24s. 6d.; 77lb., 25s. 6d.; 80lb., 26s. 6d.; 83lb., 27s. 6d.; 86lb., 28s. 6d.; 89lb., 29s. 6d.; 92lb., 30s. 6d.; 95lb., 31s. 6d.; 98lb., 32s. 6d.; 101lb., 33s. 6d.; 104lb., 34s. 6d.; 107lb., 35s. 6d.; 110lb., 36s. 6d.; 113lb., 37s. 6d.; 116lb., 38s. 6d.; 119lb., 39s. 6d.; 122lb., 40s. 6d.; 125lb., 41s. 6d.; 128lb., 42s. 6d.; 131lb., 43s. 6d.; 134lb., 44s. 6d.; 137lb., 45s. 6d.; 140lb., 46s. 6d.; 143lb., 47s. 6d.; 146lb., 48s. 6d.; 149lb., 49s. 6d.; 152lb., 50s. 6d.; 155lb., 51s. 6d.; 158lb., 52s. 6d.; 161lb., 53s. 6d.; 164lb., 54s. 6d.; 167lb., 55s. 6d.; 170lb., 56s. 6d.; 173lb., 57s. 6d.; 176lb., 58s. 6d.; 179lb., 59s. 6d.; 182lb., 60s. 6d.; 185lb., 61s. 6d.; 188lb., 62s. 6d.; 191lb., 63s. 6d.; 194lb., 64s. 6d.; 197lb., 65s. 6d.; 200lb., 66s. 6d.; 203lb., 67s. 6d.; 206lb., 68s. 6d.; 209lb., 69s. 6d.; 212lb., 70s. 6d.; 215lb., 71s. 6d.; 218lb., 72s. 6d.; 221lb., 73s. 6d.; 224lb., 74s. 6d.; 227lb., 75s. 6d.; 230lb., 76s. 6d.; 233lb., 77s. 6d.; 236lb., 78s. 6d.; 239lb., 79s. 6d.; 242lb., 80s. 6d.; 245lb., 81s. 6d.; 248lb., 82s. 6d.; 251lb., 83s. 6d.; 254lb., 84s. 6d.; 257lb., 85s. 6d.; 260lb., 86s. 6d.; 263lb., 87s. 6d.; 266lb., 88s. 6d.; 269lb., 89s. 6d.; 272lb., 90s. 6d.; 275lb., 91s. 6d.; 278lb., 92s. 6d.; 281lb., 93s. 6d.; 284lb., 94s. 6d.; 287lb., 95s. 6d.; 290lb., 96s. 6d.; 293lb., 97s. 6d.; 296lb., 98s. 6d.; 299lb., 99s. 6d.; 302lb., 100s. 6d.; 305lb., 101s. 6d.; 308lb., 102s. 6d.; 311lb., 103s. 6d.; 314lb., 104s. 6d.; 317lb., 105s. 6d.; 320lb., 106s. 6d.; 323lb., 107s. 6d.; 326lb., 108s. 6d.; 329lb., 109s. 6d.; 332lb., 110s. 6d.; 335lb., 111s. 6d.; 338lb., 112s. 6d.; 341lb., 113s. 6d.; 344lb., 114s. 6d.; 347lb., 115s. 6d.; 350lb., 116s. 6d.; 353lb., 117s. 6d.; 356lb., 118s. 6d.; 359lb., 119s. 6d.; 362lb., 120s. 6d.; 365lb., 121s. 6d.; 368lb., 122s. 6d.; 371lb., 123s. 6d.; 374lb., 124s. 6d.; 377lb., 125s. 6d.; 380lb., 126s. 6d.; 383lb., 127s. 6d.; 386lb., 128s. 6d.; 389lb., 129s. 6d.; 392lb., 130s. 6d.; 395lb., 131s. 6d.; 398lb., 132s. 6d.; 401lb., 133s. 6d.; 404lb., 134s. 6d.; 407lb., 135s. 6d.; 410lb., 136s. 6d.; 413lb., 137s. 6d.; 416lb., 138s. 6d.; 419lb., 139s. 6d.; 422lb., 140s. 6d.; 425lb., 141s. 6d.; 428lb., 142s. 6d.; 431lb., 143s. 6d.; 434lb., 144s. 6d.; 437lb., 145s. 6d.; 440lb., 146s. 6d.; 443lb., 147s. 6d.; 446lb., 148s. 6d.; 449lb., 149s. 6d.; 452lb., 150s. 6d.; 455lb., 151s. 6d.; 458lb., 152s. 6d.; 461lb., 153s. 6d.; 464lb., 154s. 6d.; 467lb., 155s. 6d.; 470lb., 156s. 6d.; 473lb., 157s. 6d.; 476lb., 158s. 6d.; 479lb., 159s. 6d.; 482lb., 160s. 6d.; 485lb., 161s. 6d.; 488lb., 162s. 6d.; 491lb., 163s. 6d.; 494lb., 164s. 6d.; 497lb., 165s. 6d.; 500lb., 166s. 6d.; 503lb., 167s. 6d.; 506lb., 168s. 6d.; 509lb., 169s. 6d.; 512lb., 170s. 6d.; 515lb., 171s. 6d.; 518lb., 172s. 6d.; 521lb., 173s. 6d.; 524lb., 174s. 6d.; 527lb., 175s. 6d.; 530lb., 176s. 6d.; 533lb., 177s. 6d.; 536lb., 178s. 6d.; 539lb., 179s. 6d.; 542lb., 180s. 6d.; 545lb., 181s. 6d.; 548lb., 182s. 6d.; 551lb., 183s. 6d.; 554lb., 184s. 6d.; 557lb., 185s. 6d.; 560lb., 186s. 6d.; 563lb., 187s. 6d.; 566lb., 188s. 6d.; 569lb., 189s. 6d.; 572lb., 190s. 6d.; 575lb., 191s. 6d.; 578lb., 192s. 6d.; 581lb., 193s. 6d.; 584lb., 194s. 6d.; 587lb., 195s. 6d.; 590lb., 196s. 6d.; 593lb., 197s. 6d.; 596lb., 198s. 6d.; 599lb., 199s. 6d.; 602lb., 200s. 6d.; 605lb., 201s. 6d.; 608lb., 202s. 6d.; 611lb., 203s. 6d.; 614lb., 204s. 6d.; 617lb., 205s. 6d.; 620lb., 206s. 6d.; 623lb., 207s. 6d.; 626lb., 208s. 6d.; 629lb., 209s. 6d.; 632lb., 210s. 6d.; 635lb., 211s. 6d.; 638lb., 212s. 6d.; 641lb., 213s. 6d.; 644lb., 214s. 6d.; 647lb., 215s. 6d.; 650lb., 216s. 6d.; 653lb., 217s. 6d.; 656lb., 218s. 6d.; 659lb., 219s. 6d.; 662lb., 220s. 6d.; 665lb., 221s. 6d.; 668lb., 222s. 6d.; 671lb., 223s. 6d.; 674lb., 224s. 6d.; 677lb., 225s. 6d.; 680lb., 226s. 6d.; 683lb., 227s. 6d.; 686lb., 228s. 6d.; 689lb., 229s. 6d.; 692lb., 230s. 6d.; 695lb., 231s. 6d.; 698lb., 232s. 6d.; 701lb., 233s. 6d.; 704lb., 234s. 6d.; 707lb., 235s. 6d.; 710lb., 236s. 6d.; 713lb., 237s. 6d.; 716lb., 238s. 6d.; 719lb., 239s. 6d.; 722lb., 240s. 6d.; 725lb., 241s. 6d.; 728lb., 242s. 6d.; 731lb., 243s. 6d.; 734lb., 244s. 6d.; 737lb., 245s. 6d.; 740lb., 246s. 6d.; 743lb., 247s. 6d.; 746lb., 248s. 6d.; 749lb., 249s. 6d.; 752lb., 250s. 6d.; 755lb., 251s. 6d.; 758lb., 252s. 6d.; 761lb., 253s. 6d.; 764lb., 254s. 6d.; 767lb., 255s. 6d.; 770lb., 256s. 6d.; 773lb., 257s. 6d.; 776lb., 258s. 6d.; 779lb., 259s. 6d.; 782lb., 260s. 6d.; 785lb., 261s. 6d.; 788lb., 262s. 6d.; 791lb., 263s. 6d.; 794lb., 264s. 6d.; 797lb., 265s. 6d.; 800lb., 266s. 6d.; 803lb., 267s. 6d.; 806lb., 268s. 6d.; 809lb., 269s. 6d.; 812lb., 270s. 6d.; 815lb., 271s. 6d.; 818lb., 272s. 6d.; 821lb., 273s. 6d.; 824lb., 274s. 6d.; 827lb., 275s. 6d.; 830lb., 276s. 6d.; 833lb., 277s. 6d.; 836lb., 278s. 6d.; 839lb., 279s. 6d.; 842lb., 280s. 6d.; 845lb., 281s. 6d.; 848lb., 282s. 6d.; 851lb., 283s. 6d.; 854lb., 284s. 6d.; 857lb., 285s. 6d.; 860lb., 286s. 6d.; 863lb., 287s. 6d.; 866lb., 288s. 6d.; 869lb., 289s. 6d.; 872lb., 290s. 6d.; 875lb., 291s. 6d.; 878lb., 292s. 6d.; 881lb., 293s. 6d.; 884lb., 294s. 6d.; 887lb., 295s. 6d.; 890lb., 296s. 6d.; 893lb., 297s. 6d.; 896lb., 298s. 6d.; 899lb., 299s. 6d.; 902lb., 300s. 6d.; 905lb., 301s. 6d.; 908lb., 302s. 6d.; 911lb., 303s. 6d.; 914lb., 304s. 6d.; 917lb., 305s. 6d.; 920lb., 306s. 6d.; 923lb., 307s. 6d.; 926lb., 308s. 6d.; 929lb., 309s. 6d.; 932lb., 310s. 6d.; 935lb., 311s. 6d.; 938lb., 312s. 6d.; 941lb., 313s. 6d.; 944lb., 314s. 6d.; 947lb., 315s. 6d.; 950lb., 316s. 6d.; 953lb., 317s. 6d.; 956lb., 318s. 6d.; 959lb., 319s. 6d.; 962lb., 320s. 6d.; 965lb., 321s. 6d.; 968lb., 322s. 6d.; 971lb., 323s. 6d.; 974lb., 324s. 6d.; 977lb., 325s. 6d.; 980lb., 326s. 6d.; 983lb., 327s. 6d.; 986lb., 328s. 6d.; 989lb., 329s. 6d.; 992lb., 330s. 6d.; 995lb., 331s. 6d.; 998lb., 332s. 6d.; 1001lb., 333s. 6d.; 1004lb., 334s. 6d.; 1007lb., 335s. 6d.; 1010lb., 336s. 6d.; 1013lb., 337s. 6d.; 1016lb., 338s. 6d.; 1019lb., 339s. 6d.; 1022lb., 340s. 6d.; 1025lb., 341s. 6d.; 1028lb., 342s. 6d.; 1031lb., 343s. 6d.; 1034lb., 344s. 6d.; 1037lb., 345s. 6d.; 1040lb., 346s. 6d.; 1043lb., 347s. 6d.; 1046lb., 348s. 6d.; 1049lb., 349s. 6d.; 1052lb., 350s. 6d.; 1055lb., 351s. 6d.; 1058lb., 352s. 6d.; 1061lb., 353s. 6d.; 1064lb., 354s. 6d.; 1067lb., 355s. 6d.; 1070lb., 356s. 6d.; 1073lb., 357s. 6d.; 1076lb., 358s. 6d.; 1079lb., 359s. 6d.; 1082lb., 360s. 6d.; 1085lb., 361s. 6d.; 1088lb., 362s. 6d.; 1091lb., 363s. 6d.; 1094lb., 364s. 6d.; 1097lb., 365s. 6d.; 1100lb., 366s. 6d.; 1103lb., 367s. 6d.; 1106lb., 368s. 6d.; 1109lb., 369s. 6d.; 1112lb., 370s. 6d.; 1115lb., 371s. 6d.; 1118lb., 372s. 6d.; 1121lb., 373s. 6d.; 1124lb., 374s. 6d.; 1127lb., 375s. 6d.; 1130lb., 376s. 6d.; 1133lb., 377s. 6d.; 1136lb., 378s. 6d.; 1139lb., 379s. 6d.; 1142lb., 380s. 6d.; 1145lb., 381s. 6d.; 1148lb., 382s. 6d